



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JANUARY
1968





NORTH AMERICAN B-25 of the 1st Air Commando Force heads for home after an attack on Wunto, Burma. (U.S. Air Force photo)

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

EXHANA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● We regret that this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup is late, and hasten to explain that the delay resulted from a major reorganization of our printing plant and the fact that we have taken on additional magazine production work. You can expect the February issue to be late, also, but we should be back on schedule (or nearly so) by March. We appreciate your patience!

● Cover photo shows American military personnel stationed at an airfield in China, taking advantage of their off-duty hours to get in some sight-seeing. U.S. Air Force photo.

● We're hoping to secure authentic material on many of the organizations which served in CBI, in order to publish historical articles about them. A lot of cooperation will be needed on this, and we would appreciate help from those who are able to provide us with such information.

● Various suggestions are being offered for cutting down India's baby boom. For instance, the chief minister of Rajasthan State has said that any government employee under 25 years should lose his job if he marries. It might help! And the Government of India announced some time ago that if a fellow will have no more than two kids, a government agency will reward him with a transistor radio. On this latter suggestion, Harry Golden, the columnist, observed that "the Indians have yet to make provisions for additional batteries but I suppose that will take care of itself."

● The "in" thing to do these days, it seems, is to spend a little time with one's guru . . . like Maharashi Mahesh Yogi. Shirley MacLaine, Mia Farrow and the Beatles are among those who have been off to India to consult him. Just think of all the time we CBers wasted during the war.

JANUARY, 1968



Year of the Monkey

● Gum Loong is busy again on his annual grooming and careful cleaning campaign in preparation for the coming Chinese New Year January 30, 1968. He will receive a wonderful assist from fate for the coming year—Year of the Monkey 4666—will be replete with "health, success and protection from all malicious spirits." The celebration in San Francisco's Chinatown runs from February 3rd to 10th, 1968.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

73rd Evac.

● Was with the 73rd Evac. Hospital in Shingbwiyang, but have lost contact with any of the personnel over the years. Ex-CBI Roundup was unknown to me until recently when by chance I came in contact with a fellow funeral director who is also a CBI vet.

WAYNE E. McNAUGHTON,
New Bethlehem, Pa.



WOMAN street sweeper at Delhi, India, carries baby with her as she works. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.



CRIPPLED beggar seeks "baksheesh" on sidewalk in Delhi, India. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.

CBIers in Florida?

● As you can see, I am no longer in Florida. Since I was interested during my nine years there, I was very active in trying to organize a basha for veterans of the CBI. It would seem that those CBI veterans locating in Florida, and most being GIs who have settled permanently, would interest themselves in an organization which is for their benefit. A basha there could be one of the largest in the United States, but there seemed to be little enthusiasm. I'm wondering what is wrong with Florida CBIers.

DOMINICK MESSINEO,
Passaic, N. J.

Tour of Country

● Retired from school teaching in June and we are touring the U.S. and Canada with our trailer. I am looking for all the old China Hands that I know addresses for. When we return home in February or March I am going to go through my pictures and send some of the better

ones for you to use in the magazine. I have some taken while I spent some three months with the communist guerillas behind the Japanese lines in Hopei Province, which should be of interest. Our itinerary from here (Holland, Mich.) will be: Montreal, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, New

England East Coast to Florida, Haiti, and Fort Benning, Ga.; back to Holland for Christmas, then back to the South, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California and home. I enjoy every issue of the magazine and appreciate your efforts in putting it out.

WILBUR J. PETERKIN
Colonel AUS Ret.,
Sumner, Wash.

Michigan Get-Together

● The next CBI get-together here is planned for March. There were 19 here for the first one, and each is to contact others for the one in March.

BYRON KINGSLEY,
P.O. Box 299,
Jackson, Mich.

Paul E. Stinson

● Paul E. Stinson of New Castle, Ind., a CBI veteran of World War II, died September 18, 1967.

MRS. PAUL STINSON,
New Castle, Ind.

Jack Bell

● Jack Bell, who was a CBIer and a Miami columnist, died October 18, 1967, at Coral Gables Veterans Hospital.

CHARLOTTE GIMMEY-KOCH
Miami, Fla.



CAMELS furnish power for pulling loaded wagons in Delhi, India. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.

CBI Get-Together

● On Saturday night, October 21, 1967, a combined CBI dinner was held in New York's Chinatown at the Pagoda Restaurant. One hundred and five people attended; about one-third of whom were from the Delaware Valley Basha; the balance were largely from the New York Basha. Commander Robert Thomas came from Philadelphia; Commander Charles Rose came from the Washington, D.C., Basha and the permanent Honorary President, Phil Piazza, of the Merrill's Marauders, came from Stratford, Conn. The Chinese dinner was excellently prepared and was followed by Chinese entertainment. The cooperation of the Delaware Valley Basha and the New York Basha stemmed from a get-together dinner last May at a halfway point between Philadelphia and New York. The possibilities which developed from that historic affair, which was so well run by the Delaware Valley Basha and its then Commander, Bertha Urenson, have been enthusiastically and capably expanded by its present Commander, Bob Thomas. We also believe that the presence of Phil Piazza may be the beginning of greater cooperation between our CBI Associa-



SKETCH of Japanese soldier, made by Lt. R. M. "Dick" Taylor of 1st A.C.G., 6th Fighter, while serving at Panagar, India, during World War II. Submitted for publication by Anne Devereaux (nee Merenstein).

tion and that of the Merrill's Marauders. In fact, we are hoping to extend this influence in the direction of some of the other unit Veteran groups which also served in the CBI, although not members of our Associ-

ation. There are Air Force Units and also independent ones, such as Signal Corps Engineers, etc. There is a fair concentration of such ex-CBI people along the East Coast and many of them may either join our Association or may induce one of their eligible friends and comrades to do so. The prognosis, in the opinion of many to whom I have spoken, is good. We will continue to work on it.

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N.Y.

780th E.P.D.

● A reunion of the 780th E.P.D. Association has been scheduled for July 26 through 28, 1968, at the Holiday Inn, 22900 Michigan Avenue, Dearborn, Mich. Further information can be obtained from the address below.

780th E.P.D. ASSN.,
22 Vanderburgh Ave.,
Larchmont, N.Y.



TIBETAN hill people sit around campfire near Darjeeling, India. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.

JANUARY, 1968

Vice-Chief Still Flies With Skill

The following profile of Gen. Bruce Holloway, written in rather nostalgic style, is from the typewriter of John Jarrell, chief of the Washington Bureau of the Omaha World-Herald. General Holloway is now Vice-Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, but when Mr. Jarrell first knew him he was a hot fighter pilot in China a quarter-century ago; Mr. Jarrell was then an International News Service war correspondent.

The years deal kindlier with some than with others. Gen. Bruce K. Holloway today has four stars on his shoulder; 25 years ago he was a lieutenant colonel. Now he's the No. 2 man of the United States Air Force; then he commanded an American fighter group out at the end of the war supply line, in China. But he's as lean today as he was then, even if his hair has grayed; airplanes are still his life and he flies the fastest jets with the same skill that he piloted his shark-toothed P-40 as a member of the famed Flying Tigers.

Reporters in China in the early 1940's had one fault to find with Bruce Holloway; though he was a leading ace (13 Japanese planes shot out of the air, with several more "probables") it was tough getting him to talk about his own exploits.

He would discuss in rhapsodical terms the feats of his subordinates, but about

his own, his answers were largely monosyllabic.

In this respect, time hasn't changed him at all.

When his 13 kills were mentioned to him, they brought a typical Holloway reply:

"It wasn't flying skill; I guess I just had better eyesight than the Japanese pilots."

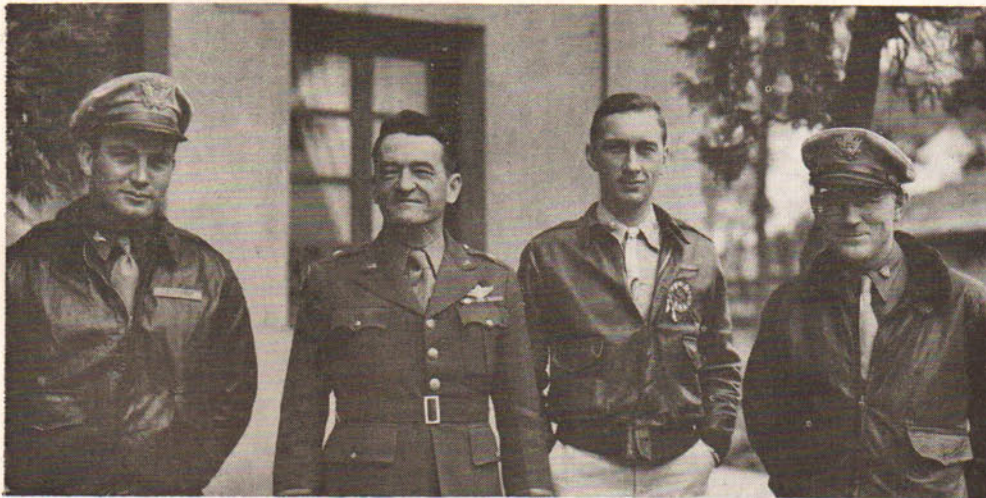
But he is willing to discuss in considerable detail experiences of other fliers, who flew with him in China, such as John Alison, who later became an Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and the late Casey Vincent, who was the youngest general since George Custer.

General Holloway, now 55, became Vice-Chief of Staff of the Air Force a little more than a year ago.

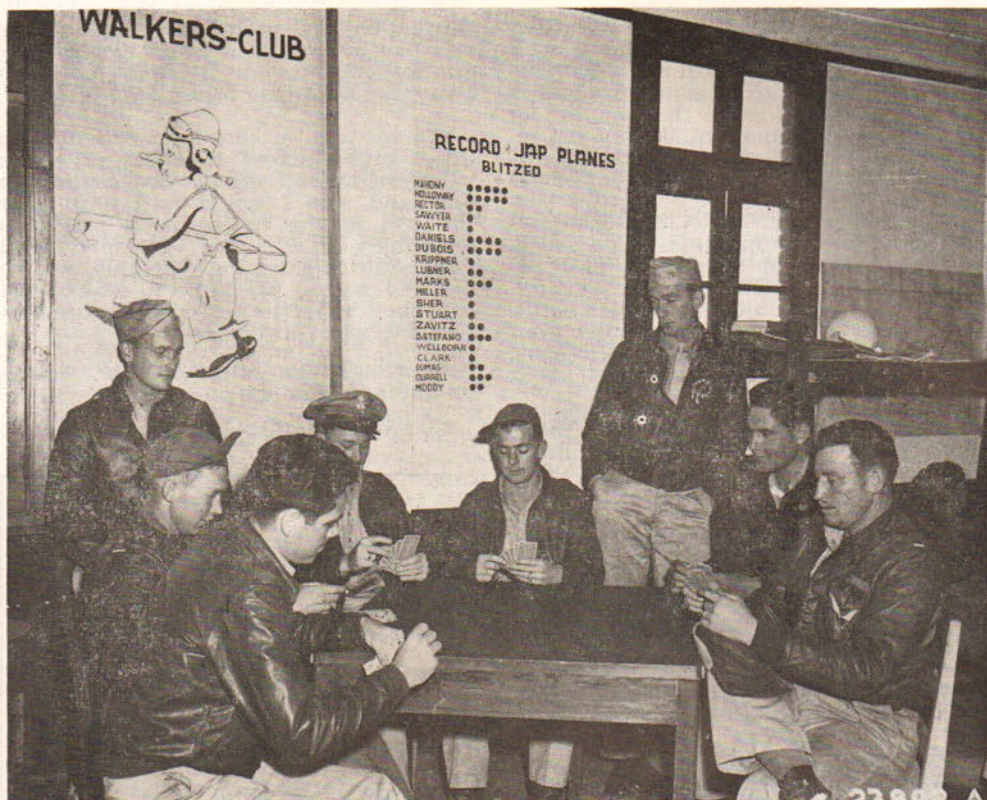
He still likes to get behind the controls of fighters whenever possible. A couple of weeks ago, he checked out in the SR-71, the Strategic Air Command's new reconnaissance plane.

His Air Force experience has been wide, and around the Pentagon some people think he's headed ultimately for the job of Chief of Staff. But in spite of all he has done since World War II and everywhere he has been, General Holloway likes to remember those trying times when he flew combat in China.

Not long ago, he visited present headquarters of the Fourteenth Air Force—



OFFICERS of the 23rd Fighter Group shown in 1943 at a base in China with Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault (second front left) are Col. C. D. Vincent, Lt. Col. Bruce K. Holloway. At right is Col. H. E. Strickland, AGO of CATF. (U.S. Air Force photo)



MEMBERS of the Walker's Club in CBI were men who had been forced down back of Jap lines and spent one to seven weeks trudging out of enemy territory. All had narrow escapes from Jap patrols, and used every means of transportation in getting back to their bases. Members shown here are: Maj. Grant Mahoney, Vallejo, Calif.; Lt. C. C. Vaughn, Pearsall, Tex.; Lt. L. R. Durrell, Scarborough-on-Hudson N.Y.; Capt. J. O. Wellborn, Daingerfield Tex.; Lt. Morton Sher, Greenville, S.C.; Lt. Col. Bruce K. Holloway, Knoxville, Tenn.; Lt. M. D. Merks, Bayonne, N.J.; and Lt. C. C. Moody, Blytheville, Ark. (U.S. Air Force photo)

which in China in World War II was under command of the late Lieut. Gen. Claire C. Chennault—at Gunter Air Force Base, Ala. When he was there, a special ceremony was staged as a P-40, just like the one General Holloway flew in China, was made a permanent memorial. It had been reassembled from old parts.

General Holloway first went to China in May, 1942, as an observer with the American Volunteer Group that General Chennault had organized 10 months earlier. He was then a member of the United States Air Force; he flew with the AVG and when, in July, 1942, the AVG became a part of the United States Air Force, he remained to command the twenty-third Fighter Group, which replaced it.

The AVG had shot down 297 Japanese planes; the twenty-third Fighter Group racked up 941 aerial victories; thus, the

over-all total of the twenty-third was 1,238 enemy aircraft shot down, highest of any group in World War II.

The ratio of kills in the twenty-third varied between 10 and 14 to 1.

How come such a high ratio over the enemy?

"In large part," says General Holloway, "it was due to the rigidity of Japanese plans and tactics, the poor eyesight of their pilots, and the fact that they never had a deputy leader for their formations.

"In air battle, if you could shoot down the Japanese leader, the rest was like goldfish in a bowl."

Still a source of wonder and discussion is the Chinese warning net that alerted the Fourteenth Air Force to the approach of Japanese planes, a network credited with much of the success the Fourteenth, and the twenty-third Fighter Group, enjoyed.

"Incredibly archaic," is the way General Holloway describes it—and it was. It consisted of ground observers equipped often with sundials for telling time, and old French telephones for transmitting information. Most of the reports were based on the sound of aircraft overhead, rather than on visual plot.

"Sound of many," the Chinese observers would report, and this was flashed, by way of the old telephones, to Fourteenth Air Force Headquarters at Kunming, and other United States air bases.

And when the "three-ball alert" went up, that meant the enemy was close by, that the jing-bao—air raid—was about to begin.

The air war fought by the Fourteenth in China was unique. Everything in the way of supplies depended on the airlift over the towering Himalayas—"the Hump"—and transportation priorities often went to support the Chinese ground forces.

General Holloway remembers that one of his fighter squadrons, the seventy-fifth, then stationed far forward at Ling Ling, had nothing but five-gallon cans with which to refuel planes—no trucks, no cars. There was not even a typewriter on the base. Ammunition boxes were

carried on the backs of coolies. There was one radio, and it could reach headquarters at Kunming, six hundred miles away, only between 5 and 6:30 p.m.

"There was a certain advantage in this," says General Holloway. "Reports were written as briefly as possible in longhand, and I would wait until near the end of the transmission period to send my plan of action back to General Chennault in Kunming. The only way he could change it would be to send someone over by plane, since all communication stopped after dark."

He paused to reflect on his twenty-third Fighter Group.

"A pretty gung-ho lot," he commented.

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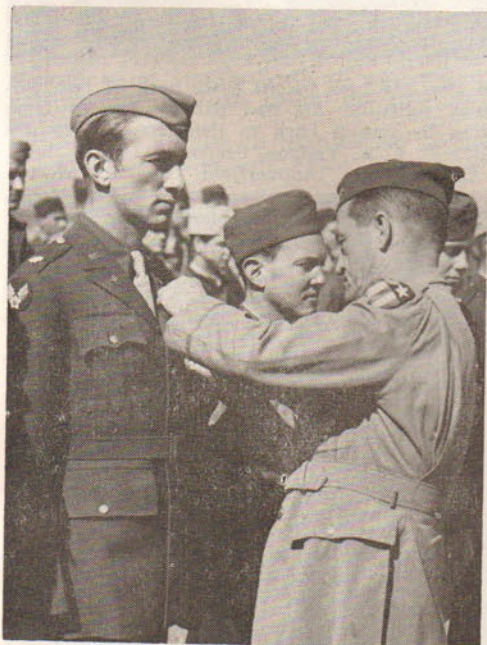
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AIR MEDAL is presented to Lt. Col. Bruce K. Holloway by Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, during a ceremony at Kunming, China, on 16 February, 1943. (U.S. Air Force photo)

Who's Sorry About the Sari?

By ERNEST WEATHERALL
(North American Newspaper Alliance)

NEW DELHI, INDIA—The mini-sari has arrived in India, and it has the unanimous approval of the Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta branches of the International Society of Girl Watchers.

Unlike the mini-skirt which rises from the knee to an all-time high in hemlines, the mini-sari plunges to new depths. In the conventional sari, Indian women allow just a modest display of bare midriff to appear, but in a mini-sari, the lower part of the garment is dropped down to the hips like a bikini, revealing a generous portion of the wearer.

Naturally the mini-sari is designed for slim, young girls, but it is being worn now by older women, too. The reducing salons in the big cities are suddenly swamped with females who want to get their midsections in shape.

Some Indian husbands have forbidden their wives to wear the mini-sari, others seem too worried about the present business recession in India to care about the changing world of women's fashions.

Which brings up the question, why do sophisticated Indian women keep wearing saris, even when their men have turned to western clothes?

Tradition is ingrained in India, even in the most westernized Indians. Bankers, industrialists and politicians consult with astrologers before setting out on a journey.

Marriages are still arranged by parents and the Indian bride moves into the house of her husband's parents. There she becomes an unpaid, hard working maid for her mother-in-law, the real boss in India.

Since changes come slowly to India, it looks as though the sari, in any form, is here to stay.

Actually, most Indian women like saris, and have no desire to adopt western style dress. Teen-age girls in westernized Indian families, prance around in capri pants, and skin-tight slacks. But when they begin to seriously think of boys and marriage they begin wearing saris.

The sari can be a nuisance when a girl is working in an office, or driving a car, as some Indian women are doing today.

One factory near New Delhi decided to hire girls for the first time on their assembly line, to put together tiny parts of a machine. The girls had to wear coveralls, and hats to cover their long hair. The uniform was for safety's sake as well as not to distract the men from their jobs.

The all-girl assembly line was not too successful; they were unhappy with the coveralls and the men laughed at them. Management finally allowed them to wear saris, and their hair in braids. Up went production and so the coveralls were forgotten after that.

The experienced girl watchers point out that the Oberoi Hotel in New Delhi and the Sun and Sand in Bombay, are the two best girl observation posts in India.

At these western-style hotels you have your choice of European girls in mini-skirts and Indian girls in saris. The Watcher's Society has decided to release a report on which is easiest on the eye.

First, say the watchers, unless they are small, and dainty, American and European women do not look good in saris. Western women are big boned and tall, and don't know how to walk in a sari.

That is an inherited trait; Indian women for generations have carried water pitchers; even baskets of rocks on their head, and because they walk so gracefully, they can balance them perfectly without even holding on.

The second conclusion, after an intensive period of observation by the Watcher's Society, is that western women look the best in mini-skirts—if they have the equipment to go with it, of course. They seem natural, at ease, and are self-assured with their hemlines five inches above the knee. They enjoy the stares and often stare back.

The Indian women who have ventured forth in mini-skirts—a very, very few—don't stack up against the British, French or American girls, because frankly, the Indians don't have the legs for mini-skirts. Their entire mysterious oriental personality vanishes in the western attire.

Summed up, east is east and west is west—and never the mini-skirt and the sari shall meet. □

Plight of the Taiwanese

By **STEPHEN FITZGERALD**
From the Australian

Most Western observers writing about Taiwan seem to concern themselves only with problems like the succession to Chiang Kai-shek, the prospects of the Nationalists being able to resign themselves to failure, or the question of whether the regime is now more efficient, less corrupt, than before 1949. They tend to ignore, or gloss over, the problem of the Taiwanese.

The Taiwanese are the descendants of those Chinese who were living in Taiwan in 1895 when it was ceded to Japan and migration from the mainland came to an end. They are not a minority race like the Tibetans. They are Han, or Chinese, people who migrated from the mainland provinces of Fukien and Kwangtung; they speak a Chinese dialect and their culture is Chinese.

In 1945 they numbered about 6 million, and they now comprise a little over 80 per cent of a total population of some 14 million. The reason for talking about a distinct Taiwanese problem is that they regard themselves as distinct from the new arrivals, who are referred to as "mainlanders" and often in far more scurrilous terms.

Nobody, except the Nationalist regime and certain of its apologists, denies this distinction exists. It is quite apparent to anyone moving around the island who is not on a conducted tour and who can communicate with the locals.

Another reason for the Taiwanese regarding themselves as a separate entity is that the so-called mainlanders hold themselves aloof. They have looked on their position as one of temporary exile and have been reluctant to establish firm roots because this would be an acknowledgement that there is no hope of returning to the mainland.

But in addition to this passive attitude the mainlanders actively treat the Taiwanese as an inferior kind of people. Students do not mix, parents discourage their children from playing with Taiwanese, and relatives and friends frown on intermarriage. Mainlanders who might otherwise appear cultivated and enlightened use the most abusive terms to talk about the Taiwanese, the most moderate being "pig" or "dog."

The animosity between the two groups is not simply a distinction made between old and new arrivals, since this does not explain why 80 per cent of the pop-

ulation should be thinking in terms of Taiwanese "nationalism."

Japan brought the island stability and centralized government and succeeded in transforming the economy from a subsistence to a market economy through the introduction of an irrigation network, efficient communications, electric power and technological improvements to farming.

One of the most impressive achievements was that, toward the end of Japan's rule, there was a literacy rate said to be more than 80 per cent of the population. The result was that, while the benefits of the modernization of Taiwan went largely to Japan, the standard of living on Taiwan was generally higher than that on the mainland and the Taiwanese were encouraged to expect from the Nationalists things they were unable or unwilling to provide or do.

A third effect of the Japanese period was the discrimination against the Taiwanese not only in the realm of government but socially, in the professions—in every sphere of activity. This appears to have given the Taiwanese a sense of common identity.

But despite these conditions, the Taiwanese made no attempt to seize independence when Japan surrendered in 1945. The Taiwanese themselves admit that they welcomed the Nationalists as liberators; they looked forward to becoming a part of China once again and many of them were looking forward to having an opportunity to contribute to the reconstruction and development of China.

Another explanation put forward to account for the gulf between the mainlanders and the Taiwanese is that it was created in the period of the governorship of Chen Yi, from 1945 to March 1947. There can be no doubt that this was when the trouble started, but again it is only a partial explanation, because Taiwanese Nationalism did not really emerge in this period.

The nature of Chen's administration would not surprise anyone familiar with conditions on the mainland before 1949; it was inefficient, corrupt, venal, oppressive. But to the Taiwanese it was a bitter disappointment, since they had expected the Chinese liberators to be a vast improvement over the Japanese masters.

It was an even greater blow to discover that, where they had expected to have an equal share in the administration of

Taiwan, the Nationalists actively discriminated against them.

While the newcomers looted with official protection, Taiwanese were removed from government offices and private enterprises to make way for them. They were subjected to all kinds of intimidation and humiliation and, in January 1947, Chen Yi announced that since the Taiwanese had been under Japanese rule, they were politically retarded and that, when the new constitution went into effect throughout China in December 1947, it would not apply to Taiwan.

The fact remains that, even up to the time of the uprising on February 28, 1947, although some young Taiwanese were starting to think in terms of an independent Taiwan, most still wanted Taiwan to remain a province within the Chinese republic and many still believed that Chiang Kai-shek would redress their wrongs if he could be made aware of them.

The uprising itself appears to have been entirely spontaneous and without direction from Taiwanese leaders. Sparked by an incident involving an act of brutality by officials of the Tobacco and Wine Monopoly Bureau it was a reaction against the repression and discrimination of Chen's rule.

Chen's forces were inadequate to control the situation, but within a very short time the Taiwanese leaders were able to restore order, and for almost a week they were in virtual control of the island.

It is significant that they did not declare independence, they did not declare allegiance to Japan, and they did not display any pro-Communist sympathies. They agreed to negotiate with Chen Yi and presented him with a list of demands for reforms based on the idea that Taiwan should be developed as a province of China in which Sun Yat-sen's ideals of National Reconstruction might eventually be realized.

On March 8, 1947, 50,000 Nationalist reinforcements landed in Taiwan and there ensued the so-called March Massacre, in which about 10,000 Taiwanese were killed. First-hand accounts reported that, though much of the killing was indiscriminate, the Nationalists appear to have made a concerted attempt to destroy the Taiwanese elite.

The troops were dispatched by the Central Government and the suppression was condoned in a subsequent statement by Chiang Kai-shek.

At this point, the real cause of the present situation emerges—the Nationalist regime, since March 1947, has contrived to keep the Taiwanese generally in a state of subjection and to remove

from the scene leaders (and potential leaders) of the Taiwanese opposition.

In 1950, Chiang Kai-shek had Chen Yi executed, ostensibly for his crimes against the Taiwanese; but when he first left Taiwan in 1947 he was made Governor of Chekiang Province and it was only when he was suspected of dealing with the Communists that Chiang decided to execute him.

It was hoped that this would divert the hostility of the Taiwanese, among whom Chiang was now forced to live. But it did not, because the witch hunt had been carried on with increasing vigor after Chen's departure; even at the time of Chen's execution Taiwanese were being shot all over the island.

Despite the fact that the March Massacre left a deep impression on the Taiwanese, it is conceivable that, had the Nationalists adopted enlightened policies after March 1947, they would have been able to enlist the support and cooperation of the Taiwanese.

But this was more than they were prepared to do. Between 1947 and 1949, they seem to have been motivated partly by a desire for revenge, partly by the need to have a free hand to milk what was left of the island's resources and possibly even looking ahead to ensure a compliant population when retreat from the mainland became necessary.

Since the retreat to Taiwan, they have refused to institute reforms, to allow Taiwanese opposition or Taiwanese participation in government. To do so would be to abandon their *raison d'être*, their claim to represent the whole of China, their aim of returning to the mainland and, perhaps their most compelling reason, it would mean abandoning their position of absolute power.

Political freedom hardly exists for anyone in Taiwan and not at all for the Taiwanese, since they do not participate in the Central Government which wields all the power and makes all the decisions.

The Nationalists have refused to hold elections at the national level and have resorted to maneuvers such as reducing the quorum of the National Assembly to keep themselves in power and maintain the fiction of having the mandate of the people.

Taiwanese have been allowed to take part in elections at county and municipal level and for the Provincial Assembly. But even the Provincial Assembly is quite powerless; all it does is approve decisions passed on by the Central Government, and it is responsible to a governor who is a Central Government appointee.

In elections at all levels, candidates are not permitted to criticize Taiwanese-mainlander relations, the counter-attack, or Chiang Kai-shek and they are criminally liable for their speeches.

The island is under martial law and rigidly controlled by secret police and K.M.T. political cadres so that suppression of opinion has been and still is very effective. Although there is not now as much shooting as there was in the early 1950s, each year still brings new arrests, closed military trials and long prison sentences.

It is not easy to find out what the Taiwanese think. There is, of course, no Taiwanese political party, and the leadership has been eroded over the years

through systematic extermination by the Nationalists and the steady stream of young intellectuals to the United States.

For the outspoken critic in Taiwan the only life-line is American intervention and even this is effective only for those known and respected by the Americans. The U.S. was unable to prevent the execution of Su Tung-chi in 1961, and it was only partially effective in the case of Professor Peng Ming-min in 1965. Peng is serving a long prison term for his crime which was to approve a manifesto suggesting that the idea of the counter-attack was a dream which was wasting resources. □



SHILLONG—In a surprise raid on a rebel hideout at Khawhlailung, a few miles west of Champhai, the security forces captured the wife of a self-styled lieutenant-colonel of the Mizo national army. They captured 27 rebels, some with arms and ammunition.

CUTTACK—The Bharatiya Jana Sangh general secretary has called for a total ban on the foreign missionaries to come to India. He said that the foreign missionaries should not be allowed to function in India and those who have already been operating should be asked to quit India, for Indian Christians are capable enough to take the message of Jesus Christ to the people of India.

NEW DELHI—India will supply to Greece, wooden poles, electricity meters and aluminum conductors and will import from that country 70,000 tons of phosphate fertilizers worth the same amount. The agreement is subject to approval of the wooden poles by a team of Greek experts who will visit India. Authoritative sources expect that trade with Greece may improve in the years to come.

SRINAGAR—Aisha, a girl of 18, hacked to death a wild bear near Pahalgam, according to a story to reach this city. The girl was working in a maize field when she was attacked by the bear. She faced the animal with her axe and hacked it down till it lay dead. The girl was badly mauled in the tussle.

VISAKHAPATNAM—A few hundred students of an affiliated college entered the Andhra University campus and set fire to records in the registrar's office. It was believed to be a part of the protest

demonstrations against the introduction of modified regulations for degree courses going on for several colleges. Although it was a holiday, the registrar was working so was able to call police help. Thirty-six students were arrested.

NEW DELHI—The Union Education Ministry has been requested to arrange for suitable lessons in schools to discourage students from traveling without tickets. The Railway Ministry, which has made the request, is preparing model text-books in this regard for primary classes. A senior railway official has also been lecturing to students in educational institutions. A decision has been taken to issue monthly season tickets through schools to make it easy for students to buy them.

NEW DELHI—Should women scooter drivers be required to wear crash helmets and if so how big should they be? More women are taking to driving scooters, but it is difficult to find helmets big enough to cover their hair-dos. Scooter drivers have a tendency to carry families with them, who do not have helmets. It seems difficult to enforce the law, but the Ministry is attempting to make the wearing of crash helmets legally compulsory. This has been done in Mysore.

BOMBAY—Rats damage 30 percent of grain storage and crop production in rural areas according to a pilot study made by the Maharashtra State Agricultural Department and the Hafkine Institute, Bombay. In the hinterland of Maharashtra, rats collected from houses and fields showed that the house rats predominated in the total catch. It has been observed that these rats eat about 26 grams of food in captivity and that they damage vegetables, clothing, building structure and cut the standing crops.

PATNA—In spite of a calamitous year of drought, scarcity and famine in most parts of Bihar, the country's biggest elephant and cattle mart, popularly known as the Sonapore Fair, was held.

BOOK REVIEWS



INDIA, INDIA. By Lisa Hobbs. McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York, N.Y. October 1967. \$4.95.

Mrs. Hobbs went to India with plans to chronicle that nation's glorious struggle for democracy, and came away feeling that India's economic and population problems are too complex to expect a solution. The book is reportedly banned in India.

Ooty Preserved: A Victorian Hill Station in India. By Mollie Painter-Downes. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, N.Y. November 1967. \$4.95.

In the 19th century and up to the 1940's, British colonels and government officials and their families vacationed happily in Ootacamund ("Ooty") in the Nilgiri Range of South India, a cool refuge from the stifling heat. With the coming of Indian independence, the numbers of English residents of Ooty have diminished, as have their incomes, and Ooty looks faded. But it still has a quiet charm and natural beauty, described here by an English writer.

CHINA AND THE WEST. By Wolfgang Franke, translated by R. A. Wilson. University of South Carolina Press. November, 1967. \$5.95.

Problems and misunderstandings that have conditioned the attitudes of two radically dissimilar civilizations to each other and that continue to hamper relations between them are discussed.

INDIA. By Martin Hurlimann. Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, N.Y. December 1967. \$25.00.

In this book Dr. Hurlimann presents a dazzling picture of India's priceless monuments and art treasures as well as a comprehensive photographic record on both the ancient and modern aspects of this vast country and its people.

THROUGH AN EASTERN WINDOW. By Jack Huber. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. August 1967. \$3.95.

A Westerner takes a look at a Japanese Zen course, and a Burmese meditation course, supplying a day-to-day account of the five days he spent with a Zen master in Tokyo. Then he goes to Burma for a three-week course in Buddhist meditation, but leaves after four days of the rigorous Burmese schedule. The author makes a comparison of Eastern Meditation and Western psychotherapy.

JANUARY, 1968

ISSEI AND NISEI: The Internment Years. By Daisuke Kitagawa. Seabury Press, New York, N.Y. November 1967. \$5.95.

A portrait of the Japanese-American community at the beginning of World War II and during its forced internment. The author, an Episcopal minister and a Japanese national at the time of the war, describes the breakdown of family life under camp conditions, apathy, and "ghetto mentality," all of which occurred even under the most sympathetic administration.

BREAKTHROUGH IN BURMA: Memoirs of a Revolution, 1939-1946. By Ba Maw. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. November 1967. \$8.75.

The story of Burma's struggle for independence, written by a man who has been a key figure in the politics of his nation for the last thirty years. The book is a complete account of Burma's role in World War II, and provides insight into the intense nationalist longings of a Southeast Asian people. It reveals their frustrations under colonial rule and their desperate acceptance of help from any ally.

THE PEKING PAPERS: Leaves from the Notebook of a China Correspondent. By Jacques Marcuse. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, N.Y. November 1967. \$5.95.

This is the work of a French news service correspondent who not only remained in China for 30 months, beginning in 1962, but also had knowledge of pre-war and pre-Red China. His feeling is that if one is not to weep over China, one must laugh. Jacques Marcuse is concerned with the mood and atmosphere of the country, not its steel mills, and he is horrified at the everyday despotism which the government imposes. At the same time he is obviously sympathetic to the people and moved by the difficulties of their life.

THE EAST IS RED. By Maslyn Williams. William Morrow & Co., New York, N.Y. November 1967. \$5.50.

An Australian writer's impressions of Communist China, gathered on a recent tour. Most of his interviews with Chinese were by interpreter since he does not speak Chinese. The book includes visits to factories and communes and attendance at opera performances, all of which are standard fare for tourists in China.

INDIAN DANCES. By Rina Singha and Reginald Massey. George Braziller, New York, N.Y. October 1967. \$10.00.

The history of the classic dances of India, with descriptions of the dances and the religious, social and political factors which influenced them.

India's Family Planning Is Sham

BY MARK GAYN
Des Moines Register

BOMBAY, INDIA—At the tourist fair in the heart of this monstrous beehive of a city, there are crowds, children playing games, noise, bustle, snack stands selling Madras and Bengal curry, and shops selling everything from Tibetan prayer wheels to Kashmiri rugs.

More remarkable than any of these, however, is the huge sign in the center of the fair: "Operation on Male—So Simple, Safe, 100 Per Cent Effective—Takes Less Than 10 Minutes—Is Performed at Following Railroad Stations: Kurla, Chabur, Muluna, Bombay Central, Dader, Andheri."

An open-air film nearby shows a woman in a sari speaking discreetly of family planning. But hard sell replaces discretion at the adjoining pavilion. A graphic display shows all the varied contraceptives known to man and woman. Candor here displaces modesty. And above these exhibits are the terrifying vital facts of India:

A baby is born every 1½ seconds; 57,600 babies are born each day; more than 21 million come into the world each year, though not all survive. In 1951, India had 360 million people. Today there are 510 million. If the rate is not checked, India, which cannot feed a half-billion people now, will have a billion to feed by 1994.

Bombay is proud as punch of its family planning campaign. In 1957, there were only 3,500 vasectomies—a male sterilization operation. Now greater Bombay each month averages 5,000 vasectomies and 500 tubectomies—female sterilization.

The charts remind one of those cheery signs back home advertising Community Chest drives. But not everyone is proud. On a main street, a sign daubed on the wall by rightist fanatics cries: "Drop Family Planning: Big Families Mean Big Nation." And in New Delhi, a western specialist says bitterly:

"Bombay is breaking all records, but how? At urban stations you see gangs waiting for trains. When one arrives, they pick a country bumpkin and ask him if he wants to make money quickly. He naturally says yes. They rush him to the nearest family planning clinic, where doctors perform a vasectomy on him and he gets his 10 rupees—about \$1.30. They in turn get two or three rupees for bringing him in.

"But to make enough money at this rate they have to hustle. Back they dash

to the station to pick another gullible peasant. And nobody cares if the person they bring in is 15 years old or 75. They're all grist for Bombay's delirious statisticians."

Delhi is not happy about Bombay. Or about Madras. Or Bihar. Or, indeed, about the whole birth control program in all of India. For the tragic truth is that history's largest, costliest, most ambitious and best publicized planning drive is not producing results. This is just as true of the program in neighboring Pakistan.

In neither country can the government be faulted for not trying. Nor can anyone blame their friends abroad. The U.S. government began by refusing to touch the subject. Then the subject became touchable, and American aides abroad were permitted to offer advice but not contraceptives.

Today, U.S. officials are told to do all that's necessary. So do Swedes. The Ford Foundation and the U.S. Population Council are deeply involved, along with UNICEF. The list of foreign donors is long.

But the fact is that none of this seems to make much of a dent. India's minister of health and family planning, Dr. C. Chandrasekhar, concedes that the birth rate is 40 to 42 per 1,000 of population, and it's not going down appreciably. (The rate is about 23 per 1,000 in Canada and 20 in the U.S.)

In Pakistan, family planning commissioner Enver Adil admits 50 births per 1,000.

These figures merely confirm what one sees in the narrow streets of any town or village in India and Pakistan. The swarms of children are not a mirage. They are a terrifying fact of life, for so many of them are born their countries can barely keep up with their needs, let alone grow richer.

The story of the failure of the birth control program in India and Pakistan is not easy to obtain. Both India's Dr. Chandrasekhar and Pakistan's Adil are men of extraordinary ability and drive.

But the two men are almost bound, by the nature of their jobs, to claim success. It would be a psychological blunder for them to tell their people the campaign has failed.

The reasons for this failure are many, subtle and varied. Some lie in age-old ways of living. A Hindu wants sons to help in the field and to take care of his funeral rites. A son is a form of social insurance. And, besides, Adil notes, "Contraception is normally linked with

prostitution." How can any self-respecting woman be asked to perform an immoral act?

In India, the government would like to raise the age of consent from 15 to 20 as a form of birth control. But, Dr. Chandrasekhar says, there's powerful religious opposition, and the government may have to compromise by raising the age limit only to 18.

Orthodox Hindus and Catholics also are strongly opposed to a more liberal abortion law—even if quacks perform an estimated 5 million abortions annually, and in the process kill thousands of mothers.

But there are other reasons as well. There are not enough trained social workers, medical aides and doctors for a campaign as vast as this.

Sabotage Campaign

In both India and Pakistan, the intra-uterine loop is usually inserted by a midwife, who gets two or three rupees for the effort. But a midwife finds it more profitable to deliver babies than to prevent births, and she helps to sabotage the campaign.

Doctors should be more enlightened. But in both countries many of them wage a damaging whispering campaign against birth control. Like midwives, they are in business of delivering babies, and they do not want their business lost.

But perhaps the harshest blow to family planning has been dealt—quite unwittingly—by the loop. Only 30 months ago it was felt the loop had revolutionized and simplified birth control.

But for some reason, what has worked satisfactorily elsewhere has produced a heavy ratio of bleeding and backaches in India and Pakistan. One explanation may be nutritional deficiency—more than half the mothers in India are anemic.

As word of mouth carried the bad news, it was magnified. People said the loop produced cancer, or simply killed the woman. Other rumors said a male having intercourse with a loop user could receive electric shock.

More Removals

By midsummer of 1966, the rate of removals exceeded the rate of loop insertions. Some quick-witted women also began to insert, remove and reinsert the loop to collect a state bonus paid for insertion.

With the decline of loop, the birth control program in both countries has been dealt a shattering blow. This year, both have turned to surgery as an interim answer.

The program thus is stalled for the moment. What is needed is a new, cheap, very simple device—something like the monthly pill. Next month, India is going to put 100,000 women in cities on the

birth control pill in use in North America.

But this is not likely to offer the needed miracle, for the regimen it requires is too complicated for women of rural India and Pakistan.

Both Chandrasekhar and Adil are looking to the West to produce a new miracle. Chandrasekhar says he intends to ask Canada to send technical personnel to India and to help in making "any kind of acceptable contraceptive."

Until this new contraceptive is invented, progress will remain slow.

Neither country can allow itself to be discouraged. And their friends abroad cannot afford to reduce their help. For, with 20 million mouths added each year to the populations of these two desperately poor nations, the problem is not only theirs but the West's as well.

Truly, this is one world, and too many babies in Bihar have become the concern of well-fed, small-family North America and Europe. □

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Inside Story of China's Aid to Burma

Peter Boog, the first Burmese correspondent to be allowed to leave the country since 1963, filed this uncensored dispatch after reaching London.

By PETER BOOG
The London Sunday Times

LONDON, ENGLAND—Five jets left Rangoon for Peking recently, carrying home 500 technicians who had been implementing China's largest-ever aid program to a non-Communist country. Only half the program had been completed and no work had been done for three months, because the technicians had been on strike since an incident at the Chinese embassy when one of their colleagues was stabbed to death by anti-Communist rioters.

The aid program was launched with great fanfare in 1961 to mark the conclusion of negotiations to determine the Sino-Burmese border. But it was not long before Burmese suspicions about the motive behind the money were aroused.

First of all, work on the various projects was agonizingly slow. For three years nothing happened at all. There was no sign of a start on plans for an \$8.4-million textile mill, a \$7-million sugar mill, a \$14.4-million paper mill, a \$2.8-million plywood factory and two "friendship" bridges, one at Kunlong, China's gateway into Burma, and another at Takaw.

The Burmese government made it clear that the "friendship" bridges were the least essential of all the projects and that the ferries could cope with the traffic.

And so the authorities were disillusioned when in 1964 the Chinese chose to build the Kunlong bridge as their first project. The bridge was completed three months ahead of schedule and the Chinese immediately set about building the second bridge.

At once Peking's intentions became obvious. An all-weather road runs from China, through the northeast Burma town of Lashio and across the lowlands into Thailand, America's closest ally in Vietnam. The road, broken only at the ferries and the bridges, would enable the People's Liberation Army to be inside Thailand within 36 hours.

Gen. Ne Win, Burma's leader, reassured Thai Premier Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn that Burma would never allow its territory to be used as a route for subversion or invasion into Thailand. Then he flew to Peking to confront Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Prime Minister Chou En-lai.

The tough Burmese soldier-statesman was given an enthusiastic welcome and returned to Rangoon with promises that work would start on the other projects; it did actually begin on the textile mill and the sugar mill.

Then events took a major turn for the worst. Taking its cue from Peking, the Mao-dominated Communist Party of Burma (the White Flags) started a massive onslaught against Ne Win's administration.

Ne Win made every effort to placate Peking. He declared martial law to protect Chinese diplomats and technicians from anti-Communist rioters and set up refugee camps for those who suffered. And he asked Peking to continue with the aid program.

Peking's reply was uncompromising, a warning that the Burmese people would "rise up in rebellion against you, seize your power from you, oppose you, strike you to the ground, stamp on you and keep you down forever."

Even the then pro-Chinese Ne Win could not misunderstand this. He rounded up 200 known Peking sympathizers, expelled the New China News Agency correspondent, shut down pro-Communist newspapers and embarked on a concerted campaign to discredit China.

Burma's troubles are far from over. A direct invasion from China is considered unlikely, but the country is still ripe for a Communist takeover. □

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—Linguistic friction has taken a rather comic turn within Mrs. Gandhi's Council of Ministers. A Minister of State, well-known for his linguistic ardour, is sending up notes in Hindi regardless of the fact that the Cabinet Minister he works for cannot read them. The notes go straight back to the translation office, regardless of urgency.

PATNA—Precisely at a time when the Congress Party, dethroned from power in the last General Election, appeared to have reconciled itself to the new situation and the ruling United Front coalition Cabinet showed all the signs of being firmly in the saddle, those in the game on either side have set political cross currents moving. A showdown seemed inevitable.

BOMBAY—Parel, one of the original localities from which the present city of Bombay has grown, has for a long time been known as the centre of medical research. The Haffkine Institute gave the nation the anti-plague and anti-cholera vaccines and in recent years the Indian Cancer Research Centre has conducted valuable work on cancer. At present in the nearby K. E. M. Hospital significant work in population control is being conducted, with experimental studies being made in the use of oral contraceptives. The young doctors believe that the pill is an infallible, simple and aesthetically acceptable method.

CALCUTTA—Some years ago, when it was fairly simple to import racing bloodstock, there were only a few stud farms in India. But in 1947 the best-known of them, Renala, became part of Pakistan; at the same time, stringent import restrictions were imposed in India. Gradually the Indian thoroughbred has galloped into the limelight; racehorse owners are now interested in breeding better horses. The stud farms range from enormous, expensively run establishments spread over hundreds of acres to tiny farms where the village farmer keeps a half-bred mare which produces a foal a year to the local remount stallion. In the medium sized farm falls Chotanagpur which lies at an elevation of 2,500 feet in the heart of Chotanagpur. There are 24 loose boxes; eight large, well-fenced-in paddocks with post and rail fencing, and a good collection of mares and foals among which Calcutta racegoers would recognize. The original

resident stallions were Shaltan (now dead), once famous on the race track, and Fair Babb.

CALCUTTA—The exhibition football match between Mohun Bagan and Mohammedan Sporting at the Eden Gardens broke a long tradition in more ways than one. Not only was the game of soccer a novelty on the historic test cricket venue, but a healthier change was evident in the entire atmosphere of a big soccer match in Calcutta. The accommodation was double of what has ever been in the past. It gave the people, who once had given up hopes of being able to witness a soccer match in Calcutta, an opportunity to attend, for it had been the privilege of a selected lot, with some form of football contact. The atmosphere was more peaceful—so much so that even in the cheapest block the spectators were seated throughout the match. For the first time in many years women and children attended. Members of the two playing clubs were seated in blocks separated by the pavilion, thus preventing any shouts at each other, which had come to be regarded as an inseparable part of Calcutta football.

NEW DELHI—During the month of July thousands of weddings took place in Delhi. A pundit says that Jupiter and the Sun were favourably placed, and as is well known, these planets play the most important role in the planning of weddings in India. The conjunction of Venus and Mercury is also considered auspicious. From the beginning of August the planets change and for a couple of months or so weddings are postponed by those who believe in these things. Secondly orthodox Hindus try and avoid having weddings and other important functions during the rainy season, also connected with the stars and planets.

CALCUTTA—A neatly dressed woman walked into a jeweller's shop in the New Market and asked to be shown some gold rings. The first ring she thought was too heavy, the second too plain. The jeweller bent down to extract some more and when he looked up the customer was not there, nor were the rings. His shouts of "Chor Chor!" focused attention on her but none of the men who saw her apprehended her—for they might be accused of molestation. She escaped.

CALCUTTA—Rare paintings in the Victoria Memorial Hall, some of them over 150 years old, are being restored. The Conservation Section is also working for the preservation of rare books and manuscripts. This is being done by Victoria Memorial authorities to attract ordinary men in larger numbers to see its little known but rich and rare collection.

Bleak Winter Falls on North China

By DAVID OANCIA
Globe and Mail

The first blast of winter that swept across the Chinese capital from the direction of the Gobi Desert signalled a change in the cadence of the lives of the northern Chinese, a new stage in the rhythmic pattern governed by the seasons which almost two decades of Communist rule has modified only slightly.

The winds were not whipping before them the fine yellow Gobi dust. These storms will come later and they are the closest thing on the North China plain to a genuine blizzard. The fine dust transforms the thin winter sunlight into an eerie amber glow and the street lights that are turned on during bad storms provide light as white and hard as diamonds.

Abruptly the recent wind signalled the decisive change in the warm colorful autumn which most people who live in Peking view as the best season of the year.

Almost overnight it swept the yellow and red leaves from the trees and blew them along the streets, leaving the bare branches silhouetted starkly against the blue sky. It ended the long lazy walks and picnics in the city's picturesque parks and in the rugged hills in the western suburbs.

For city dwellers, it signalled a change in diet, the quest for winter clothes and the acquisition of fuel for the tiny coal stoves used to heat individual rooms of those who live in low slate-grey walled houses with curved gables.

This is also the season for new vegetables harvested in the communes of Peking. Carts pulled by donkeys, horses, oxen and occasionally the peasants themselves creak along the paved arterial roads leading into the capital laden with long white cabbage, carrots, sweet potatoes, beans, and grain.

And this is the time when people switch to winter dress. Coal is an important source of energy for China's industry and the northerners, who treasure warmth at almost any cost, are facing a pretty intense barrage of exhortation to economize on the use of coal for heating.

City dwellers compensate by acquiring warm clothing. Men and women alike frugally nurture their cotton ration coupons to make sure they will have the warm quilted capes that reach almost to

the ground for their infants, padded pants and jackets for themselves and quite often long thick padded coats to wear over them. I once wore one of these topcoats on a day-long jeep ride from Tsinan, the provincial capital of Shantung, to the coast a couple of winters ago, and found it as warm as an eider-down-filled parka I had for travel in the Canadian Arctic.

The peasants, who represent eight out of every ten of China's 700 million people, find warmth is almost a luxury item. Their toil, which is governed by the seasons, still produces in income only a fraction of what many city workers receive. Padded clothing and a sufficiency of coal are beyond the reach of many.

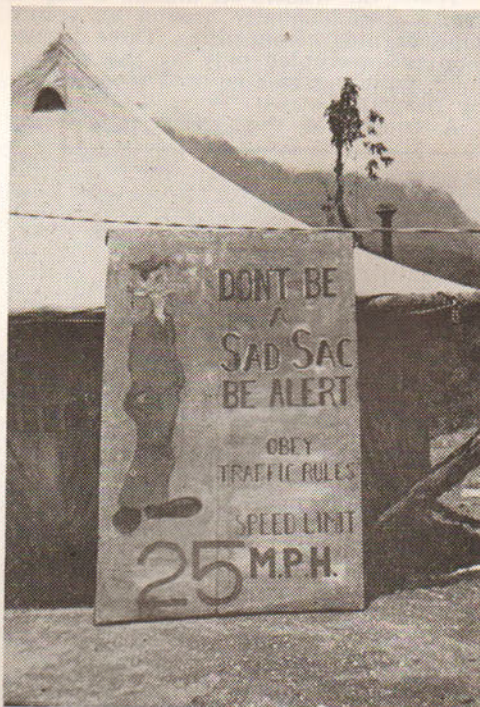
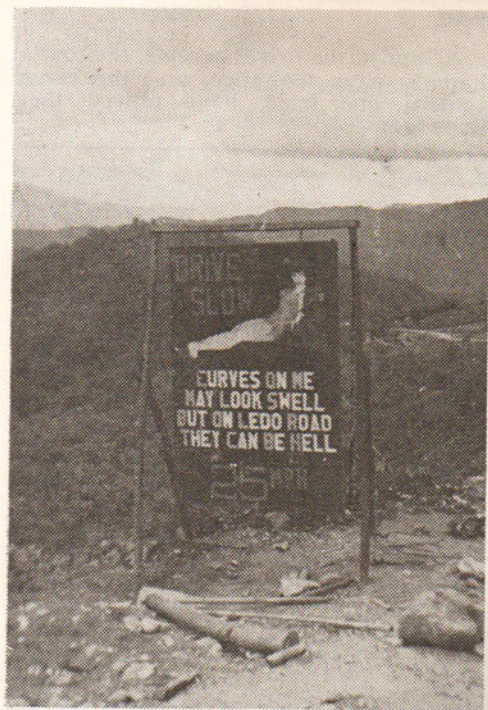
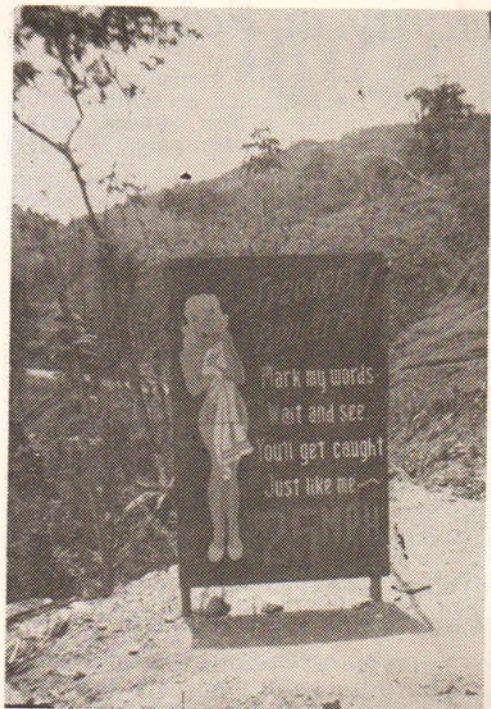
Progress in the countryside there has been in the last 18 years, but an immense amount of work still remains to be done to raise standards and close the gap between the cities and the eternal villages where the peasants live.

Given an absence of international tension and pressure the tasks faced by the Chinese are staggering. In the present atmosphere, when average literate Chinese read daily about the ring of hostility encircling their nation in official newspapers, the problems assume awesome proportions. They must, as Chairman Mao Tse-tung has declared, prepare for war, natural calamity and for the people. In practical terms this means build up an efficient military establishment, establish grain reserves for years of crop disasters and at the same time strive to lift living standards ever so gradually.

It is against this background that the Cultural Revolution, with its emphasis on destroying old customs, habits and ideas and its attempt to remold Chinese men and women into selfless, dedicated and determined individuals must be viewed. One by one those in the upper echelons of the Communist leadership who opposed the current upheaval launched by Mao are being swept from office.

Whatever the outcome of this drive, one thing is certain. It is that the peasants, working with the rhythm of the seasons, will face decades of staggering labor. For it is as a result of their labor that capital is generated to finance factories and mines, atom bombs and other weapons and the pressing programs of conserving water and soils and extending the use of fertilizers and machines on the land where they work. □

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



THESE SIGNS were painted by Bill Mathews of the 700 M. P. Company and were posted along the Ledo Road near Tagap. Mathews, who now lives in Nassau, N.Y., near Albany, was stationed at the Traffic Control Station at Tagap (Mile 80). Photos by Warren S. Jones, Conklin, N.Y.

JANUARY, 1963

Camels Gaining Popularity in Pakistan

KARACHI, PAKISTAN — The horseless carriage may have replaced Old Dobbin in the United States, but it hasn't diminished the popularity of the camel in West Pakistan.

More camels are being used than ever before for heavy duty jobs and they are drawing a better price on the market.

This seaport city alone has 617 camel carts licensed for regular drayage duties on the city streets.

One Karachi businessman gives a good reason for the camel's popularity. He explains: "If I have a shipment of goods I want hauled from the dock to my warehouse it may cost 20 rupees by truck. But the same size shipment will be hauled by camel cart for only 5 rupees.

Many camels are still used, also, on caravan routes through the Sind desert east of here, and on the overland routes into Iran and Afghanistan.

Cameleers (camel drivers) gather almost daily in Karachi's Camel Market, a noisy, smelly area in the city's old quarter.

There, the traders sit around a cup of tea, and occasionally around an opium pipe, arguing camel prices. Their discussion is interrupted only by the strange loud, bubbling roar emitted occasionally by the camels.

A couple of the more enterprising

camel traders keep a fancy saddle and relatively clean blanket on hand so that they can make a few rupees giving tourists rides in between sales.

All the camel drivers stop their haggling and leave their cups of tea when a group of tourists arrive. Several will offer their assistance to get the usually-nervous tourists aboard the camel.

Then while the camel is prodded into standing up, the crowd shrieks excitedly and hollers encouragement to the tourists.

After the camel kneels and the tourists show relief at being down off their wobbly perch, the camel traders plead to have their picture taken. They don't seem to care whether they will ever see the picture, they just want to have it taken.

How Much?

When the tourists asks the camel driver how much for the ride? the wily driver asks an exorbitant five rupees or more.

To the tourist's surprise the other camel traders come to his rescue and shout that the price shall be no more than two rupees.

"Glumly" the driver accepts, the tourist happily pays the price, and the camel traders, one feels, have played their daily game. □



AIRPORT at Gaya or "Able Mike", with A-26 and P-38 planes showing in this view from control tower. Photos by Abbott R. Campbell.

HITCH IN HELL

By A Hump Pilot

I'm sittin here a thinkin of the things I left behind,
I'd hate to put on paper, what is running through my mind.
I've flown so many missions, cleared for hundreds of miles around
A rougher place this side of hell, I'm sure cannot be found.
But there's a certain consolation, so listen while I tell
When we die we'll go to heaven, cause we did our
"HITCH IN HELL"

We've flown so many drums of gas, Chennault should rule the land
We've checked a million mags, I guess, and cleared them all by hand
We've been airborne for a China flight, in weather thick as ink
We've fought the thunderstorms at night, ice enough to build a rink
So when our work on earth is finished, our friend behind will tell
"These boys all went to Heaven, cause they did their
"HITCH IN HELL' "

We take our atabrine, those bitter little pills
To build up our resistance, from fever, aches and chills
We've seen a million Zeros zoom, above us in the sky
As we run for cover, when those yellow bastards fly.
"Put out those lights and cigarettes" we're forced the crew to tell
"This isn't any picnic, it's another
"HITCH IN HELL' "

And when the final taps are sounded, and we shed our earthly cares
We'll put on best wing parade upon the golden stairs
And when the angels greet us, their harps they'll gladly play,
We'll draw a million beer rations, and drink it in a day
We'll hear old Gabriel blow his horn, and St. Peter loudly yell,
"Front seats for the boys of the ICD, (India-China Division) they've
served their
"HITCH IN HELL' "

(Sent in by Col. James A. Dearbeyne, Rockwell City, Iowa)

Commander's Message

by

Alfred Frankel

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Salaams CBI Friends:

We were happy to be part of a most unusual and interesting meeting hosted by the Stilwell Basha on Nov. 9th, held at the Officers Mess, Port Belvoir, Va. General Seedlock, Commanding officer of the post, was guest speaker. The General served in CBI with the Corps of Engineers. He spoke of the old CBI days, and gave a report on the present activities of the Corps. We enjoyed his talk and chatted with him during the happy hour which preceded the dinner.

Representatives from the Indian, Chinese, Thai and Pakistani embassies were among those present. The men in military uniform and their ladies in saris and other native dress, lent a colorful lustre to a very pleasant evening. Basha Commander Charles W. Rose conducted the business portion of the meeting in fine style.

Congratulations to the Tulsa Basha! The newest addition to the CBIVA family. I had the honor of presenting the charter to this new and enthusiastic group, and installing the new officers, with Tom Fox as Basha Commander. He has been a prime mover in the organizing of this group, and now has his sights set on Oklahoma City to form another basha.

Former Mayor George Norvell, William Dorman and Commander Fox squired us about the city during the day. I might add that the first two gentlemen were also instrumental in the formation of the Tulsa Basha. That evening we had the pleasure of meeting many CBI people, of course we were friends when the evening ended.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

We enjoyed the warm hospitality of our new friends, and were impressed by the beauty of Tulsa, its dynamic image yet unhurried pace and its cultural attainments. Foremost, in my opinion, is the Gilcrease Museum of American history and art.

Our only regret was the brevity of the visit. We look forward to returning to this new CBI area. They are quite anxious to host us with a reunion in 1970 or 1971. I trust the formation of this basha will prove fruitful and that many happy, long lasting friendships and associations will develop.

We flew to Houston the next morning (Dec. 2nd) and were met at the airport by a group of welcoming Texans. A motorcade was formed, and we were delivered to the home of our hosts Bea and R. C. Jones. There a delicious buffet luncheon cooked up by the women awaited us. They also had some pink bubbly stuff in endless supply. That was the start of a "12 hour hospitality room," in various parts of Houston.

During the day we met many CBIers and friends, and had the honor of meeting Astronaut Peter Conrad. Chuck and Jan Mitchell, those Michigan gypsies, are now living in Houston. They were in residence about one month when we visited Texas. It didn't take long for them to get the Texas needle: Chuck is painting "Yankee go home" signs and distributing them all over the Houston airport.

A crowd of about 70 attended the Xmas party held at the Elks Club that evening. Digger Runk is Exalted Ruler of this Elks Club, which we found to be a real fine place. A Ding Hao time was had by all, delicious food was served, live music, a keg or two were opened to relieve those coming off the dance floor. A brief meeting was conducted by Commander Ray Lent who introduced incoming Commander Paul Delehanty along with his new officers. Best wishes for a successful year.

The past is finally catching up with Bob Nesmith. He was the recipient of the General Frank Lahm award for his contribution to aviation. His only comment: "After flying 40 years and still alive, I think anyone should get an award". This modesty is too much . . . congratulations, Bob!

Irma and I thank all of you nice people for a real whiz of a time, sorry we couldn't stay in your part of the world a little longer. The snow and ice were calling us home, and we responded.

ALFRED FRANKEL
120 Yellowstone Rd.
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Edward Brause

● Edward Brause, 59, vice president for public relations of the New York construction and salvaging firm. Merritt-Chapman & Scott, died of cancer in September, 1967. He had been a reporter on the old New York World and the New York Herald Tribune in the 1930's, and also held editorial positions with the Havas News Agency and on the newspapers PM and the New York Star. A graduate of Columbia University, he was a captain of infantry in CBI during World War II. Survivors include his wife, the former Hilda R. Adams, and two sons. Mr. Brause will be remembered by many CBI veterans as the person in charge of the Labor Office at Myikyina. This seems like just a "cover name" for the military relations with all the local people. It was that organization, for instance, that hired all the bullock cart fellows to carry the American and Chinese casualties to field hospitals or aid stations—when it was in fact impossible to be done otherwise.

CARL O. JOHNSON,
Tulsa, Okla.

tional CBIVA officers will be attending the Iowa Basha affair at Amana same day as it is only a few miles from Cedar Rapids. This is the first time in four years Iowans have gone to Amana, which is the city for our CBIVA charter. A record registration is expected.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Short Stories

● Please use more short stories about the men—what each outfit used to do, etc.—also the nurses and the Red Cross girls. Old CBIers, the ones still

living, should have something to talk about. Of course, there are all good stories in the magazine.

GEORGE KOLESAR,
Rillton, Pa.

Served in CBI

● Was in CBI from March 1942 to August 1944.

SMS. F. M. CARROLL,
Orlando, Fla.

Reader Since '48

● Have enjoyed the articles and pictures in every issue since '48. They serve as a wonderful basis for reminiscing with other CBI survivors.

H. W. WIGLEY,
Wichita, Kansas

Iowa Meeting

● The 1968 spring meeting of the Iowa Basha will be held in Amana, Iowa, on Saturday, May 4, with registration starting at 3 p.m. in the clubhouse. Bar will be open there with Amana snacks, followed by business meeting and then family-style dinner at the Ox Yoke Inn. There will be entertainment until midnight at the clubhouse. On Friday evening, May 3, the Iowa Basha will have a hospitality room at the Holiday Inn in Cedar Rapids for national CBIVA officers and others attending spring board meeting at this motel at 9 a.m. May 4. Iowa CBI vets are invited to this Friday hospitality room as well as the board meeting on Saturday. Na-



YOU MAY not recognize it, but this is a section of the Stilwell Road before construction. Photo by James Latta, Jr.

IOWA INVITES YOU

FOR '68 . . .



**MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE
21st ANNUAL CBI REUNION
to be held at Hotel Savery in
Des Moines, Iowa
AUGUST 7-8-9-10, 1968**